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THE ALLIANCE AND POLITICS.

THE NOBLE ORDER IS EPHEMEROUS.

The Organization a Selfish Motive Which Can Not Endure.

Zeke Kase in Obion Democrat.]

I can not believe that the Alliance will cut such a figure in the coming State elections as some persons and papers seem to think.

Judging from my own section of country, composed of parts of the counties of Crockett, Dyer, and Lauderdale, the Alliance is but a small affair. The membership consists of sore-head Democrats and Republicans, with a slight preponderance of the latter. I know of no Democrat in good standing who could by any possibility, be induced to vote against the regular nominee of the party; and I have good grounds for making the assertion, since, as a practicing physician, I am with the people every day, not only in public but in the privacy of homes and at their firesides. The Alliancemen are mostly persons of no education, or, if they are able to read, they choose their literature from Alliance printers only. They are under the impression that the Alliance organization will eventually redound to their interest by enabling them to secure double price for everything they have to sell, and half price for everything they have to buy.

Their leaders have circulated this doctrine from the beginning, and tried by every means in their power to instill it into the minds of the members, and for fear that by reading other papers they might change their views, they, the leaders, have insisted that Alliance men read no papers published outside the order.

The average Alliance man is selfish in the extreme; he cares not what becomes of the remainder of mankind so long as he is allowed to dictate and legislate for the farmer exclusively. In fact, selfishness is the base-rock upon which Allianceism is built, and if this prop were knocked from under it, it would wilt away as quickly as a snowball in August sunshine.

No organization can exist for any great length of time which has for its sole object the advancement of any one class. The greatest good to the greatest number is the only lasting or real platform for any party in a republic like ours, and it is the only one that can withstand the wear and tear of time.

Such organizations as the Alliance, Wheel, Grange and Laborers' Union, are like mushrooms, which spring up in a day, and in a day die of inanition.

At any rate, they are too ephemeral to take sufficient hold upon the American public to ever enable them to elect a President or a majority of either house of Congress.

It will doubtless hold together until the next Presidential election, when, like a view from a camera, it will dissolve into a mere mist, leaving no trace behind.

The Republican party of to-day represent two classes, the pensioner and boodler. And yet I might with great propriety say one class, since neither could live a day without the other, and any one not totally blind can see that its days are numbered. Never again, unless jealousy and selfishness ruld in Democratic ranks, will this Republican party elect a President, or even make a respectable showing in either branch of our national legislature.

The leaders of the Alliance in this State, Buchanan and McDow-

ell, have absolutely no influence outside of the order to which they belong, and even in it there are many men who will vote with the old parties in all general elections. But the majority of Alliance members believe in McDowell, and trust him implicitly, and are ever ready to do his bidding no matter what that may be. No despot of the old world ever held a more despotic reign over his subjects than this adventurer from the swamps of Desha over his compliant followers.

We have suffered fearfully, and are still bending under the yoke of Republican rule. The tariff, like an incubus, hangs about our necks and forces grim poverty to sit at our firesides, and hover over our farms and our workshops. No vampire ever sucked the life-blood more surely and swiftly from its comatose victim than this tariff vampire does from the poor laboring man and common farmer. It blocks our trade with foreign countries, and bars our young men from the workshops of the land, and forces them to remain on the farms with over-production staring them in the face, and cotton selling at 4 cents per pound.

Give us free trade with foreign countries and our manufacturing establishments will furnish remunerative labor for all the young men and women of the land, since under this system our manufactured articles would find ready sale in every part of the habitable globe with no prospect for a glut in the market.

Of course we can not expect foreign countries to trade with us when we have thrown a Chinese wall around our own shores, so that when they bring goods to sell to us we make them pay as much as their goods are worth before they are even allowed to open them. Under a freer trade with foreign countries there would be such a boom in business as was never seen before; no one then would remain idle; money would become plentiful; fewer millionaires would be met with, but the well-to-do would fill every village, hamlet, and country place in free America.

It is most astonishing that the farmer and laborer of the North have continued to vote the Republican ticket all these years, when by so doing they not only vote directly against their own interests, but they must be aware of it. As to the Southern Republican, he is a monstrosity, and not to be taken into consideration, for how any man can live in the South after being born there, and yet vote the Republican ticket, passes my comprehension. I know that old hatred for the rebel still exists in the Northern Republican mind, and has for years been the most powerful incentive to keep them in line with the pension attorney and boodler, but it does seem to me that the well-being of their families should be a far greater inducement for them to vote right, than any imaginary patriotism could possibly be. Of course we hate our old enemy, the Yankees, and it's all bosh to contend that we do not. As for myself I expect to continue hating them as long as there is breath in my body; but for all this I love my country as well as any Yank under the sun, and I will fight for it as soon, if they will let me, yet I am willing to vote with Yank or nig, Chinaman or Hindoo, to benefit myself, my family, and my people.

Our unjust pension laws and our infamous tariff system of robbery have run the expenses of the Gov-

ernment up at a fearful rate, until now there is not a country on earth that can hold us a light in the reckless and extravagant expenditure of money. Moresoldiers are paid pensions to-day than the South ever had in the field during the entire four years of the war. Of course thousands of these pensioners are open frauds, and the granters are well aware of it, but they see their party drifting along the same current upon which the old Whig party foundered 40 years ago, and they are willing to even bankrupt the Government, if by so doing they can secure a new lease of life. But the camel is bending under his last straw; he is already weakening in the knees, and even now his dying groan may be plainly heard from the pine forests of Maine to the turgid Rio Grande.

To show the unjustness of this pension business, an Irishman, calling himself John Connis, landed here in Crockett County soon after the war. He was a powerful man, full 6 feet 3 inches tall, with muscles like a horse. He was, withal, an expert boxer, and if he could have met, as he desired to do, the great Sullivan in his palmist days, I have no doubt that Connis would have whipped him. This man claimed that he had been a soldier from New York, and that he had fought through the war without receiving a scratch. Twenty years later, through dissipation and exposure, this man Connis got in bad health, and from common inflammation of the eyes, he became nearly blind. At this period some one suggested that he could, with the assistance of pension attorney Lemon, secure a handsome pension.

Through this man Lemon, he made application, but since he claimed to have enlisted at Carlisle Barracks, New York, under the name of James McGugan, he was compelled to write to this place and to Washington, to secure some one of his old comrades as witnesses. He found a man in Washington who knew the soldier, James McGugan, and upon the evidence of this man, Connis was ordered to go before some respectable surgeon in his own neighborhood and be examined for wounds during battle. He pointed to three old scars upon his body, but the physician happened to be an honorable man and could not make oath as to whether these scars were made with pieces of a bomb-shell, as Connis claimed, or from the thrust of a knife in some drunken orgie, or from a common boil. He failed to get a pension on this physician's statement; so Lemon sent him to Jackson before the regular examining surgeon of pensions. This surgeon found Connis nearly blind, and suffering from general debility, and accordingly recommended him as a fit subject for a large pension. Lemon succeeded in securing him a pension, a small one, however, but quite large enough for the attorney to get his fee from. In a few months more Connis died, and his widow, under the ruling of the billion dollar Congress straightway applied for a pension, but since the pensioner's name was James McGugan, and the man she married John Connis, she is at her wits end to prove her case, and it remains to be seen what will become of it. The invincible Lemon, however has the case in hand, and I feel confident that he is equal to any emergency, and no matter whom the widow married, McGugan, Connis, or McGinty, the lawyer will secure her the pension, and his fee.

We have two more noble soldier boys here who are drawing handsome pensions, because, forsooth, they were members of Hurst's gang of cutthroats during the war. They never went out of sight of their cabins for a week at a time; never fired a gun in any regular battle, and never ran the risk of being shot except by some irate granger whose smoke-house they had robbed. Aside from pillaging their neighbors, robbing private families, and accompanying their leader, Hurst, in his jayhawking expeditions, never did one particle of duty as soldiers. And yet, 20 years after the war, one of them commenced drawing a pension for the disease called piles, received in the line of battle. The other claimant bases his petition upon deafness in one ear, caused by the firing of guns during the late unpleasantness, occurring, I suppose while attacking some poor man's hog-pen.

The above is a plain statement of facts, all of which I am ready and willing to swear to. The Government may not be to blame, but some one surely is.

ZEKE KASE.

LIFE AMONG THE COWBOYS.

A Tenderfoot Who Found It Pleasant and Heard Some Entertaining Stories.

Atchison Correspondence of Topeka Capital.]

I spent two weeks in a hunting camp with cowboys, and I have a genuine admiration for them. One peculiarity about these men was that I never heard them abuse anyone. When a man out in that country has a "grudge" he refrains from talking about it until he meets the object of it; then there is either an explanation or a fight.

We had as a guest one night a man known as "English Harry," who said that the modern cowboys had greatly improved because they were now able to buy better whisky. At home the cowboys are quiet and well behaved and honorable in everything, but after months of loneliness some of them drink a great deal of whisky on going to town. The whisky formerly sold in the frontier towns was of such a violent character that it would cause a man to break open his own trunk; but the whisky having improved, little is now heard of the cowboys going on a rampage. They get sick at the stomach on too much whisky and go to bed like civilized men.

One night in a tent I heard a cowboy tell this story: He was with a big outfit moving cattle, and one day, somewhere near the line separating Colorado from New Mexico, they encountered a settler's cabin which had been plundered by Indians. The settler, and his wife, and children had been killed and horribly mutilated. The foreman was sent for, and he immediately ordered that the cattle be allowed to take care of themselves, while the cowboys went after the Indians. Three parties set out at once, one commanded by the foreman, and the other two by experienced men. One party came back in a day without finding any trace of the Indians.

Another party came back in two days without finding any trace of the Indians, but at the end of the third day the third party came back whooping and yelling and firing off their pistols. They had found the Indians, killed every one of them, and captured their ponies.

It is related that an Indian chief once approached General Crook and wanted to borrow a cannon.

"Do you expect me to loan you a cannon with which to kill my soldiers?" the old veteran inquired.

"No," replied the chief; "kill soldiers with a club; want cannon to kill cowboys."

Every boy expects to be eaten up by a panther, or "painter," which is the ordinary mountain lion. These lions are the only sneak thieves in the mountains. I never visited a house there and found locks on the doors. The room where I slept at the Brooks ranch had an outside door but no lock. Our tents were left day after day, and although we occasionally knew that cowboys had stopped and helped themselves to food, nothing else was taken. I was told that a man had not been arraigned for stealing in Natrona County for several years. I was riding with Brooks one day when we came to a sheep wagon. The herder was gone but everything was lying about loose. Being hungry, Brooks made a fire and we cooked a meal. While we were eating the herder returned. I expected trouble, but he simply expressed his regret that he had no better, and aided us to find several things that had escaped us. If you stop at a house to stay all night or eat a meal you are never expected to pay. A tramp who owned a horse could live magnificently in that country by traveling from house to house.

When a cowboy is out of a job he travels about finding free entertainment everywhere until he finds work. Settlements are few and far between, and the people are always glad to see visitors.

A FAMOUS JINGLE.

The Author of Which is Almost Entirely Unknown to the World.

Selected.]

It is singular how a piece of literary work can become world-famed and yet the author be almost entirely unknown. I was struck by this fact by casually learning that in the city of Galesburgh, Ill., lives Mrs. Julia A. Carney—a name perfectly unfamiliar to thousands of ears. And yet from the pen of this woman came many years ago a jingle which is, perhaps, as famous as any ever written. I refer to the following lines:

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

It is now nearly fifty years ago that Mrs. Carney wrote these lines while teaching a primary school in Boston. Then she was Miss Julia A. Fletcher. It was while writing a little article on the value of moments in a life that to illustrate her meaning more accurately Mrs. Carney unconsciously wrote the jingle destined to live for years. Without thinking there was anything in the lines calculated to make them immortal, she sent them to an editor who asked for "some scraps to fill corners."

In a few weeks the lines were copied broadcast over the land, the Boston schools introduced them in their books, children sang them, and mothers taught them. Mrs. Carney's identity as their author was completely lost. To-day she clips her items from papers with other names attached. An English clergyman claimed them as his own, and only in December last the Boston Transcript assigned them to Francis Sargent Osgood. But the real author is perhaps unknown as such to even the residents of her own town. Mrs. Carney is a widow and resides with her oldest living son, with but little credit meted out to her as the author of a jingle which has taken so strong a hold on the hearts of millions of children throughout the world.